

The Gumshoe From Alpha40

by

Jonathan D. Steinhoff 1.7.11

<http://www.angelfire.com/blog2/jonathandsteinhoff>

A gumshoe's office, in the style of Sam Spade in the '40s. The one difference is that this is the planet Alpha40, where "people" may wear normal people clothes... but they don't look like.... people. Because.... they're aliens!

The gumshoe, Yarx, is reading a newspaper from behind a desk, while smoking a cigarette and drinking coffee. The phone rings, he immediately answers it. We only hear Yarx' side of the conversation.

"Yarx, Private Detective".

"Somebody's planet what?"

"Gee, that's too bad."

"Well how am I supposed to figure out what happened to it?"

"No kiddin', a capsule, floating around in outerspace. What a find. The perfect clue. Like we don't see, gee, I dunno, a megspozz of capsules floating around every two spidpoles."

"Oh nice, they also found one of those."

"Look, I'm gonna level with you. There's not a great chance anybody's ever gonna find out what exactly it is that happened to this extinguished planet you're so upset about."

"Right, Earth. But I'll see what I can find out, what I can piece together, who knows, maybe I'll get lucky, maybe I'll figure out what destroyed the place."

"Uh huh. Now you're pretty sure it was foul play? 'Cause, ya know, sometimes a planet's number is just up, right?"

"Okay, okay, I'll look at the capsule."

"Okay, it'll all be obvious when I look at the capsule."

"Right, okay, now, and that other thing you found, which I can't pronounce, okay, I'm sorry, I can't pronounce it. I'll look into that too. I'll figure something out. Alright, but I'm charging you.... 932 bucks."

"You know, bucks, uh, smotts, yab-"

"Right, wootbows, you got it. So is it a deal?"

"Fine. So look, I can begin on this.... Give me a call tomorrow afternoon."

"Great, tomorrow afternoon then."